

W5 show sued for libel To:

TORONTO (CUP)—Five University of Toronto students are suing the producers of CTV's W5 program for libel.

Norman Kwan, a second year Dentistry student and one of the five plaintiffs, said he was taking legal action because the W5 program "was obviously wrong. It was not simply controversial."

Kwan said he was upset and frustrated because the program, entitled "The Campus Giveaway," depicted Chinese Canadians as foreigners.

"They have been inciting hatred and ridicule of the Chinese community," he said.

Kwan did not say whether he was in the W5 film footage but mentioned that the other four plaintiffs were actually shown.

The plaintiffs' attorney, Joe Pomerant, said while the writ names five students, it speaks on behalf of all Chinese Canadian students who were defamed. He believes the plaintiffs have a good cause.

"The court will agree with our position for the students," he said.

The Council of Chinese Canadians of Ontario (CCIO) will request a CRTC hearing to

review the W5 program when they have collected 5,000 signatures on a petition opposing the show.

Dr. Donald Chu, Chairman of the CCIO, said they are offering the five students "help from the back" but it was the students' decision to sue.

Despite the impending lawsuit and a demonstration at CBC headquarters by 2,000 people last week, Lionel Lumb, producer of W5, remains unruffled.

"I stand by the program," he said. Lumb said he strongly disagrees with the actions of the protesters.

"But, by all means, let them go to the CRTC if they think it is necessary," he said.

Lumb suggested that most of the people who are complaining about the program have not seen it. He said a Globe and Mail columnist wrote a sympathetic account of the rally and demonstration but had not seen the program.

"That's the kind of journalism we have to put up with," he said. Lumb refused further comment because of the impending libel suit.

The W5 program has been denounced by the Chinese community, civil rights and students groups and several politicians. Minister of Immig-

ration Ron Atkey said the show incorrectly stated that there are 100,000 foreign students in Canada. Statistics Canada estimates 18,000.

Lumb has replied that special research was done for W5 by Statistics Canada and Immigration.

W5 host Helen Hutchinson interviewed a student who said she could not get into the University of Toronto's faculty of Pharmacy because there were too many foreign students. There are no foreign students in that faculty this academic year.

The report also said there are 400 foreign students in medical schools across Canada. Atkey said there are only 85 and 66 of them are from the U.S.



From:

Forget today was Valentine's Day? Use this, it could save your life. Love, the Daily.

U.S. cults recruit in Canada

by Doris Frymer

The United States is exporting its cults to Canada, private investigator and deprogrammer Galen Kelly told a McGill audience Tuesday night.

Kelly, the founder of G. Kelly Associates, an invest-

igative firm specializing in religious and political cults, destroyed the common myth that the people who join cults are emotionally unstable.

Educated at New York Military Academy, Bloomfield College and a variety of law enforcement technical training schools, the father of four explained how he got into his present line of work.

"As a private investigator I got involved in investigating groups like the Ku Klux Klan and the Nazi party. In 1975 I got into cult investigation which evolved into counselling cult members."

"Believe me, nobody in this field ever plans to get into it."

Kelly talked about the reason for the cult phenomenon and why people join: "Attractiveness. Cults provide security. Society doesn't have avenues that young people can take to fulfill their idealism. They want to make the world a better place and they think selling popples in a parking lot will do that."

The major obstacle, according to Kelly, is the public's unawareness regarding cults, and the misinformation he says the media provide. The real problem with the "destructive and pseudo-religious" groups is not so much their existence as the existence of people who take advantage of this proliferation, said Kelly.

Restoring these minds is a long and painful process. Kelly, who has performed 140 deprogrammings, terms it as a "re-education and re-evaluat-

ion" to show the person how he has been manipulated by the cult. Using legal sanctions provided by the U.S. authorities cult members are taken into custody. The deprogramming can last from one to three days, after which the member is encouraged to speak to experts in the fields of theology and psychology for five to ten days.

When the process is completed, the member is then given the option of quitting the cult or returning. Out of 140 deprogrammings, 14 have been unsuccessful.

Kelly is determined not to see a repeat performance of the mass suicide at the People's Temple in Guyana, under disciple Jim Jones, in which 914 people died. He worries however, about the increasing existence of cults on this side of the border: "In the U.S. there's more public awareness, more pressure against cults. We have them backed up against the wall, and one of the easiest ways to escape is by coming to Canada."

Women's studies program aims to keep higher profile

by Gigi Rosenberg

Immediate action is needed to save the future of the women's studies minor at McGill, said Professor Dierdre Machado at a meeting of the Women's Union Tuesday.

Machado, a part-time professor in the Department of Anthropology said the program is suffering from poor coordination and organization, and while the Faculty of Arts has legitimized it, it has not taken any administrative responsibility.

"The women's studies minor is hard to track down because it doesn't have a place," said Machado, who explained that it has been very difficult without a central office or a coordinator for students to obtain information about the program.

The women's studies minor is an interdisciplinary program including courses in law, sociology, anthropology, management and education.

"The biggest problem we face is that it could fold without anyone willing it," said Machado. "We must keep these courses running." Machado responded to queries about whether studying women as a separate group is ghettoizing women and making them a problem group.

"Women aren't the problem," said Machado. "It's the sexual hierarchy which is also related to the class hierarchy."

According to Professor Margaret Gillett of the Faculty of

Education, and one of the founders of the program, the problems with the program are related to bureaucracy.

One of the most important components of a women's studies program is an interdisciplinary seminar to be taken in the last year of the students' program of study.

"The real problem," said Gillett, "is that you can't offer a seminar unless the computer recognizes the departmental code. Women's studies needs a compartmental home."

Pressure must be exerted on specific departments at the university if the women's studies program hopes to survive, said discussion participants. Departments must be urged by students and faculty alike to include more courses in the women's studies program and to make sure that the courses now being taught remain available.

"I feel optimistic," said Machado. "All we need is one good solid positive push."

Staff meeting

Everyone involved in any aspect of the paper should make every attempt to be in the office promptly at 4:00.



Erratum

In Wednesday's Issue we reported that the Faculty of Arts Council voted to restructure elective requirements for the BA program. In fact a vote was not taken and the issue was tabled.

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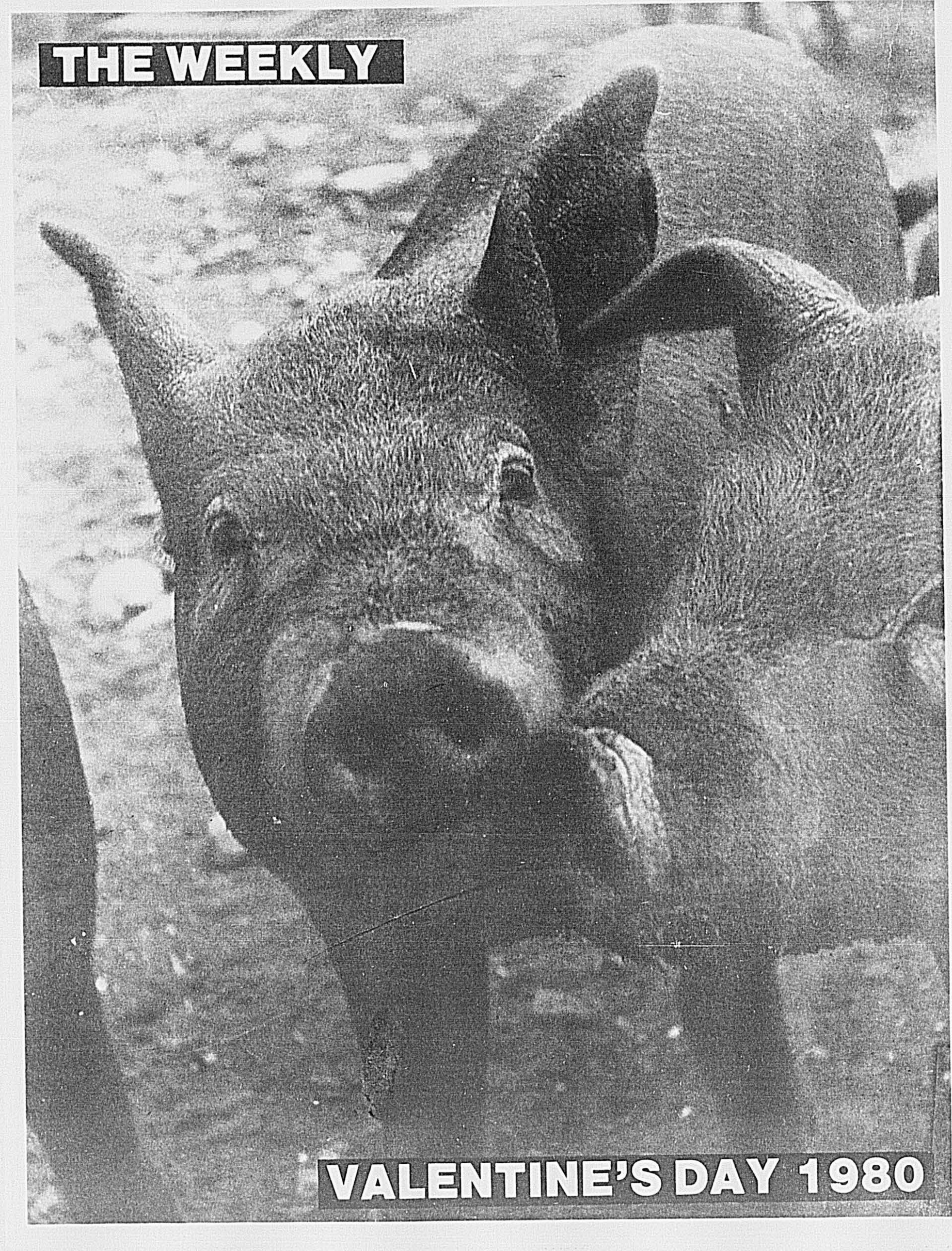
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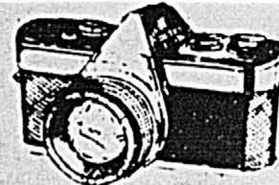
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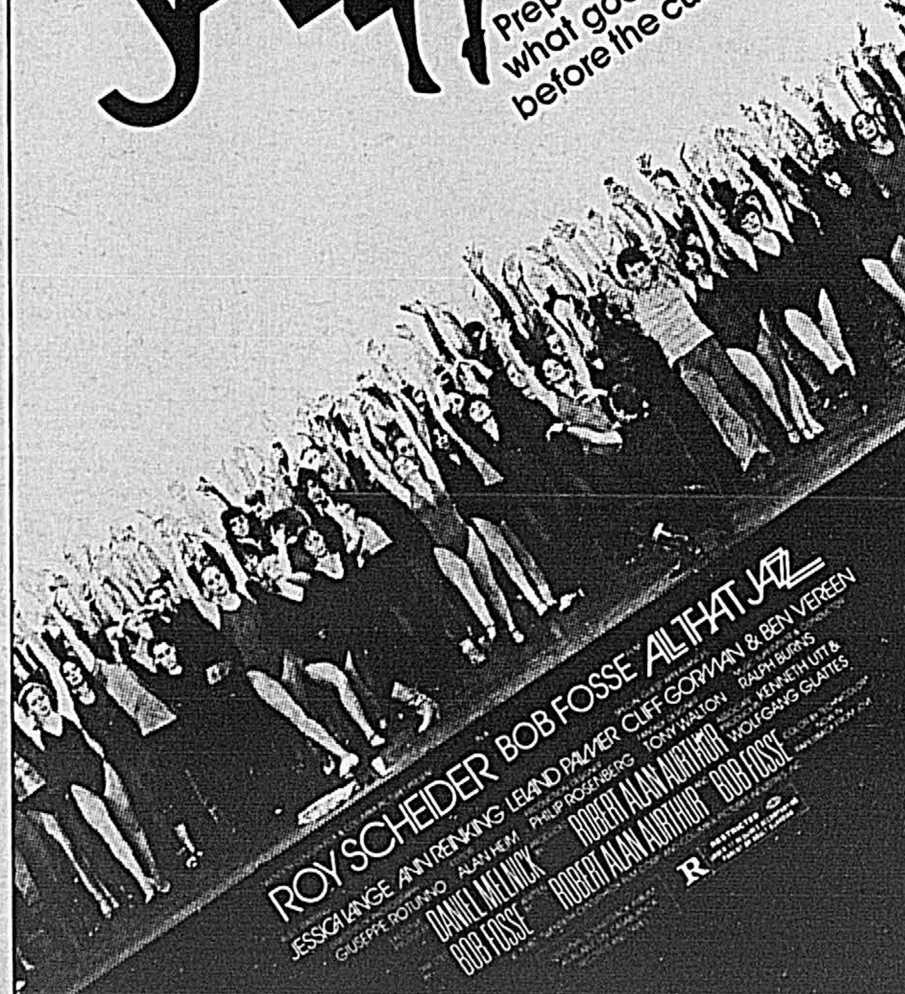
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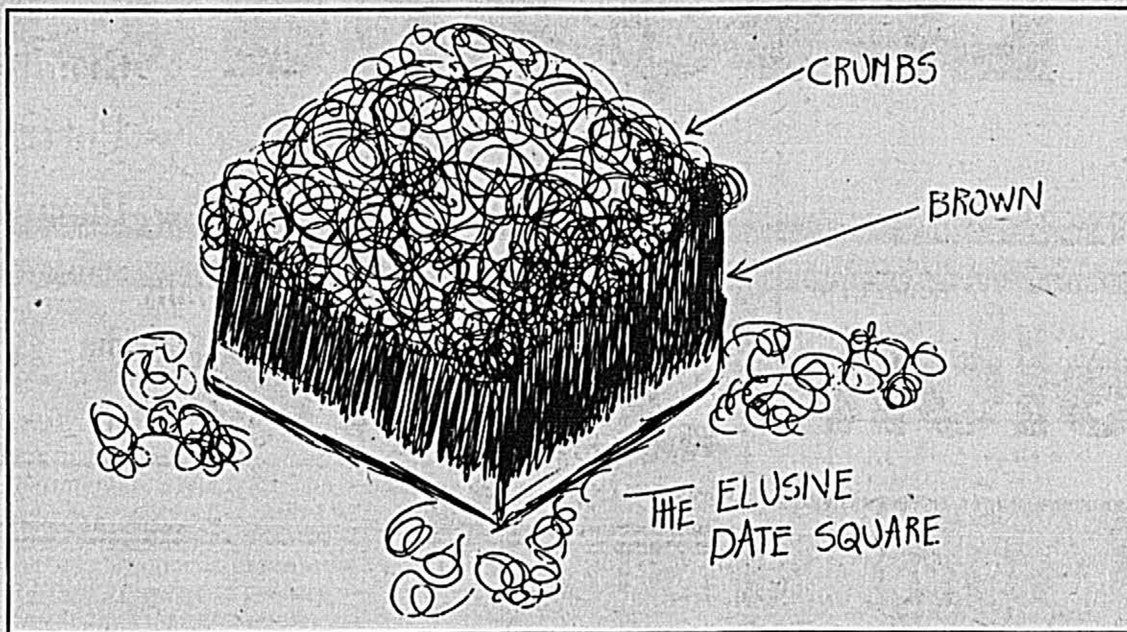


Date Squares- The True Story

by Gail Helmann

Date Squares and emporiums devoted to the preparation and sale of date squares are hardly vying with hamburgers and McDonalds for the gastronomic affections of the average Canadian. Nor is the date square cause likely to be taken up by the counter culture, because while their appearance is somewhat radical-viscous brown matter topped with unidentifiable crumbs - they tend to turn up at unprogressive functions - church bazaars, for example. Most people don't really like date squares, claiming that they're too heavy and sweet; that they fall apart when handled and are likely to affix themselves to sweaters. But date squares must have a loyal, albeit silent following, for despite the general public's negative attitude towards them, date squares proliferate in Montreal.

One might encounter a date



square in a cafe, delicatessen, discount department store, bakery or supermarket. Unlike other confections, date squares seem not to lend themselves to ingenuitive preparation. No

matter where they hail from, date squares always look the same.

In a noble effort though, to uncover the truth about date squares, to determine those subtle nuances in taste and texture that can transform a ho-hum date square into a "Carré de dattes suprême" the aid of a Panel of Experts was enlisted. The Panel, composed of three men and three women, brought to the study varying degrees of expertise in date squares, and

a wide range of experience in related fields, among them English Literature, European History, Political Theory, Physics, and naturally Sports. After much deliberation the experts selected one date square which they felt rated Tops in Its Field. But first, the runners-up.

St. Lawrence Bakery, a classic, aromatic shop with some of the surliest employees outside of Dunns, keeps its date squares in a refrigerator case. These stone-cold squares (35 cents each) taste like absolutely nothing, although refrigerator does have a beneficial effect. Even when shaken up and down in a brisk wind outside the store the crumb topping didn't budge.

Peel Plaza, a dépanneur located right behind the Student Union on Peel Street, markets a very unassuming, satisfactory date square (55 cents). It's about two inches thick, tastes faintly of cinnamon and nutmeg, and is virtually guaranteed to leave unsightly crumbs all over one's chest (or lap, of course, depending on one's body type). This, the panel feels, is the same date square that shows up in other small groceries around the city.

La Carotte Joyeuse (450 Rachel St., corner Mentana) offers an alternative to the traditional date square format with its Gateau Grand-Mère. The cake (\$1.75 a wedge) is dense and spicy, not terribly sweet, though a trifle oily, filled with dates and topped with cocoanut. The Historian on The Panel felt that while it was tasty, this cake was surely revisionist. The sportsman concurred and added that he wouldn't put it up against a 2-3 zone defence. The Physicist rated it "undynamic".

Everyone was surprised to learn that there exists a Newtonian concept with respect to date squares, that is, Christie Biscuits has done for dates what they did for figs so long ago. Date Newtons (about \$1.30) look and taste like their fig cousins and like Fig Newtons, contain modified lard and hydrogenated beef tallow. Thank you Mr. Christie.

Betty Crocker gets into the date square act with a convenient mix (\$1.09). All one need do is moisten the crumb topping and rehydrate the brown substance in Envelope Number 2. These date squares are thin, pliant, overwhelmingly sweet, and if subjected to chemical analysis would probably bear no evidence of actual dates. The flaws are easily overlooked, though, when one takes into consideration the ease of preparation. The Panel judged a batch prepared expertly by a woman who, only the week before, had become confused when confronted with the concept of the Pillsbury Slice and Bake cookie.

The Date Square in its most pristine form can be found at Café Bojangles (on Victoria Street across from the Roddick Gates). Here it is thick with real discernable dates, topped with a coarse mixture of brown sugar and oatmeal. This date square (\$1) is, without a doubt, the best in Montreal.



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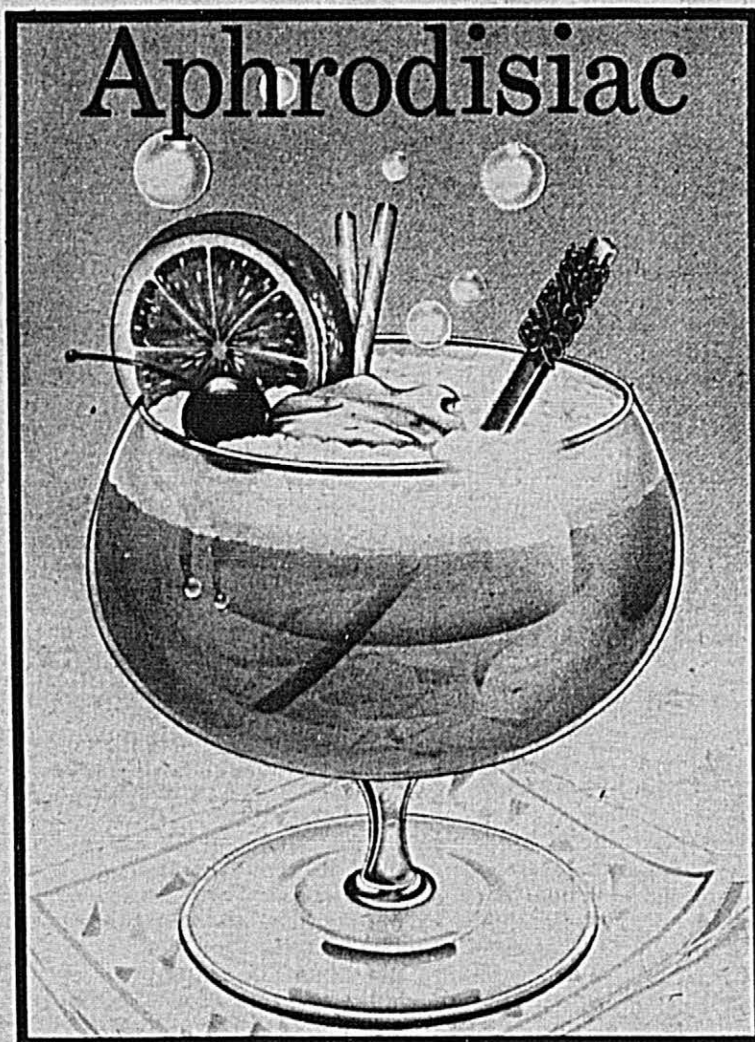
by Catherine

Food is love. And your mother isn't the only person who thinks so. People have believed for centuries that certain foods or lotions, or beverages possess stimulatory powers. Known as aphrodisiacs, they are named for Aphrodite, Greek goddess of love and mother of Eros, god of desire. So if the object of your desire needs a little encouragement, read on.

Many of these magic substances can be found at your local Steinberg's. Artichoke hearts and celery hearts, skewered on an arrow and served "en flambe" have a certain measure of suggestiveness to them. Carrots are known to have many magical qualities they make your eyesight sharp, your hair curly, and look what they do for rabbits. Vanilla beans are potent items, as are various other spices.

There are other possibilities which are somewhat less appealing, but nonetheless effective. Spanish flies (actually dried beetles) when applied to the skin are said to work wonders, but may also prove fatal. Proceed with caution. Fish is safe, but aromatic. Ginseng, that magical, mystical root, will cure everything else, why not impotence? Absinthe, a thick, licorice-flavored liqueur, will incite passion, especially when used in conjunction with mandrake root. Try that "en flambe", too.

Back to more pleasurable substances. Marijuana and alcohol are universally agreed to provoke love and lust. Arsenic is risky but effective; perhaps it might best be saved for the end of the interlude in



case all else fails.

One of our favorite love potions, tested and proved in our own kitchens:

1 oz. vodka
2 oz. absinthe
pinch each: nutmeg, cardamom, ground cloves, ginseng powder.
Pour in a shaker over ice, fill with carrot juice. Add pulp of one fish, pulverized in a Bassomatic. Shake well and strain into champagne glass. Garnish with vanilla beans and mandrake root. Enjoy!

DRINK

by Heathcliff

True scenes at a Cocktail Lounge:

He: "What are you drinking?"
She: "I'm having an Orgasm. Ever had one?"

Betty Co-ed: "May I have an Orgasm?"

Seasoned Cocktail Waitress: "They're not easy to come by

around here."

As is obvious, names of cocktails today are often suggestive and evocative. Romance and passion are a popular subject for cocktail names. In a reciprocal sense, most romances are helped along by a spot or two of alcoholic whimsy. In this vein, I propose that it is possible to track the development of a romantic interlude by following the cocktails imbibed.

She sits at one end of the bar, he at the other. She gazes his way longingly and buys him a Bachelor's Bait, a blend of gin, egg white, orange bitters and Grenadine. He acknowledges and reciprocates by buying her a Temptation Cocktail. She nods. He slides down the bar stools next to her.

Experiencing cold feet, she orders herself a Maiden's Prayer. While the bartender mixes the gin, Triple Sec and

lemon juice, he's thinking fast. What she needs he decides is a Why Not?. It works. They both order a What the Hell.

But to his place or hers? He answers with a Leave It to Me. Thinking of things to come, he orders an Orgasm. She says "Make it a double." People are moving away out of embarrassment. The bartender's hands are shaking. He and she decide to leave. At home, he taps his liquor cabinet and makes a Sloe Comfortable Screw Up Against the Wall. As he mixes the sloe gin, Southern Comfort, Galliano and vodka, she decides that a Between the Sheets would be nicer...

The morning after would seemingly find these lovers catatonically hung over. Not these two. He gently awakes her with an Arise My Love. But how will it end? Two possibilities here. First, they shake hands at the door over a Fare Thee Well. Or, more appropriate for Valentine's Day, they slowly sip a Wedding belle and dream of sharing a Honeymoon Cocktail aboard a cruise to Bermuda.

The important recipes:

Orgasm:

1 oz. Kahlua
1 oz. amaretto
1 oz. vodka

Pour over ice in shaker. Fill with milk or cream, shake vigorously.

Sloe Comfortable Screw Up Against the Wall

1 oz. sloe gin
1 oz. Southern Comfort
1/2 oz. Galliano
1 oz. vodka

Place in shaker with ice. Fill with orange juice. Shake vigorously. Garnish with cherry (if available) and orange.

ON FILM

by Brahm Pascal

Director Paul Schrader's film past (screenplay for Taxi Driver, director of Hardcore) and his likeminded present of American Gigolo suggests the story of the Parisian Intellectual's first visit to America: In a fit of self-congratulatory angina he posits the three American cultural products as Coca-Cola, big cars, and the Rockefellers. Upon returning to his sidewalk café on the Left Bank he assembles a crew to make films of his revelation with the same first time ever slant.

I could say that is exactly what is wrong with American Gigolo but I won't because there is just so much more. The Gallic trait of stating the

Valen

by Dermot Kelly

Beth and Marty shared a one-room over the drugstore looking down at Globe Records on South Main. Together the dropouts made ends meet. Beth laughed when Marty pointed out that they were both still in education so-to-speak. That is, Marty worked the night shift mopping classroom floors at 'Tech' and Beth drove a Montgomery County school bus.

Valentine's Day 1976 started off like any other day for Beth and Marty: with 'The Today Show'. Beth always made it home in time to catch the last half. She turned the sound down really low so as not to wake Marty. He slept quietly

d Romance, etc.



Of Two Gigolos

This "as it happens" documentary style becomes linen hyperbole when Julian's eyes become the camera as he files through his groceteria of Armani clothes to prepare for a trick. Two minutes of stacks of shirts, ties and blazers. It's called setting the mood to get a feel for the character.

Documentary is abandoned the first time Julian beds down Lauren and declares "To be or not". By this juncture the gigolo is being framed in an S & M murder of the wife of a kinky industrialist. Julian is thrust from the sexuality of his Mercedes coupe to the stuttering frigidity of a rented Pinto. He forgets an important Swedish gigolee; the cop (Hector Elizondo) applies Columbo psychology; Julian has no friends; his pimp drops him, he "looks like hell" and he is in love with a senator's wife (Hutton).

Great melodrama but flaccid handling of the topic and the film: Gigolos are insecure people too, you know.

Gere and the screenplay make the gigolo nothing more than an effete hooker, but the women in the film do not have their say. It isn't the dialogue that's responsible. Every gigolee in the film, particularly Hutton, suffers from the fine continued on page 9

AT MCGILL

by Ace Baseline

Ah yes, the life of a dashing Acadian bachelor at McGill. Just what does a swinging young buck from the wilds of New Brunswick do for excitement at this school?

Unfortunately, McGill is not immune to one characteristic of modern life in that its social life revolves around the weekends. This however, doesn't suggest that the weekdays mean it's time to crawl into a hole. Like a good football team that practices and studies films all week for the big game, guys like me have to lay the groundwork during the weekdays for the big event i.e. the weekend. This can be done in several ways.

First of all, there is the old reliable "Can I borrow some of your notes?" routine. Never mind the fact that books make me break out in hives, this standard procedure is a harmless but useful method for breaking the ice with someone. As well, library-cruising is a must. For this, cords and a pullover sweater are the rule. This usually involves spending one or two evenings a week going from the Redpath Lounge up to the

desk near Periodicals and back. The Lounge is a tremendous place for conversation since students will go to great lengths thinking up things to talk about so that they have an excuse not to go back upstairs and study.

Of course, one cannot forget good old Gert's. Jean will suffice and the topic of discussion must definitely be non-academic. This is where I have to reveal the little-known laid-back side of me.

"Hey, like I could really get into going to Bolivia and living off magic mushrooms." All to the strains of "King of the Road."

By the time Friday night rolls around, it is important to have done a certain amount of work and therefore be able to justify letting loose. Staying out until the wee hours of the morn can be made more enjoyable when one isn't saddled by the thought of a Saturday in the library.

The social scene at McGill has a definite bias towards Saturday night. Saturday night is both a second chance to redeem oneself after an embarrassing or fruitless Friday night and as well is one day closer to Monday, hence the increased need to escape from reality. Steeped in the age-old Acadian tradition of watching the Canadiens on TV

on Saturday night, I often get psyched up for the night by the "Hockey Night in Canada" theme song. Then life must begin. It's party time.

First stop is usually the McGill Film Society. This has two purposes. To be an effective party-goer one must purge oneself of all intellectualism. The latest in films from Bulgaria or Botswana usually does the trick.

Secondly, anybody with a social conscience should realize that on the McGill social scene the intellectual fare is less than paltry and if the plan is to try and hit it off with someone who doesn't think Jean-Paul Sartre is a defenceman with the Nordiques, then the Film Society is just about the only hope. There are two problems with the Film Society though. The first ten seconds when one walks into Leacock 132 are crucial. Focus your eyes clearly before entering because if you take longer than ten seconds to spot someone you know then you look like you have no friends. Also, the atmosphere can be a problem. It is hard not to think of molecular rhizomes or whatever when sitting in that lecture hall. Conversation should be extremely pseudo-intellectual.

continued on page 9

Valentine's Day 1976

at her side in a T-shirt reeking with the smell of stale cigarettes while she sat up in her jeans occasionally spooning herself a mouthful of chocolate milk and crushed Graham Crackers from a plastic bowl that she balanced before her as she gazed at the tube. The truth of the matter was, that Beth had the sound down so low that she was afraid to chew in between the commercials in case she missed something good. On February 14th, however, the mention of David Bowie's name caught Beth completely off guard and she very nearly overturned the bowl of mush on Marty's sleepy head.

Marty stirred. "What is it?" he mumbled, pulling up the

covers and rolling over.

"It's Bowie!" Beth hissed urgently, scampering to the edge of the bed nearest the TV and hushing Marty with her free hand. When the commercial came, she jumped up and hit the TV switch with a flourish. "I'm going to buy a newspaper, Marty."

Marty grunted an interrogative, pulling back the covers.

"Bowie got busted this morning" Beth announced breathlessly as if it was an international catastrophe. "For coke. In Buffalo." She stepped into her sneakers and reached for her coat.

Marty sprang out of bed. "Wait up."

Out on the street, Beth turned to him reddening in the chill wind. "You should be in bed. You have to work tonight."

"Hey," Marty said, taking her arm, "It's Valentine's Day, didn't you know?" He pecked her on the cheek.

"Oh you crazy thing!" she exclaimed gleefully.

At the corner of Main Street and College Avenue, Marty squeezed Beth's arm. "I tell you what: since this is our first Valentine's together, I'll take you for doughnuts and coffee. Huh? My treat."

Beth laughed giddily. The whole expedition was going to her head. "Marty! I've got it. Let's make believe we're lovers meeting secretly for a brief encounter like in the

movies. Okay?"

"That's right," he said, catching on, "I mean, we'll be the talk of the town today anyhow."

"How come?"

"Don't you see? It's like we're only seen together Saturdays in Kroger's doing our groceries and Sundays in church."

"And Valentine's Days in Carol Lee's."

"Okay. This is the plan: I'll run across the street and purchase the Washington Post..."

"Gotcha."

"Meanwhile, kid, you station yourself at the window seat in the doughnut shop."

"All right! See you in five!" Beth watched Marty spring

up the hill and across the Main Street. She was already forgetting her mission, but the cold wind got to her and she ducked into Carol Lee's.

Presently Beth spotted the lanky young man sauntering along College Avenue hiding behind a newspaper. Something in the back pages caught his eye and he lingered in front of the Lyric Theatre. Beth suddenly remembered the purpose of their errand. She hurried out to join Marty and they huddled beneath the marquee sheltered from the wind to read about the English singer's escapades in America.

"There's your man," Marty said.

continued on page 9

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SHE'S BACK



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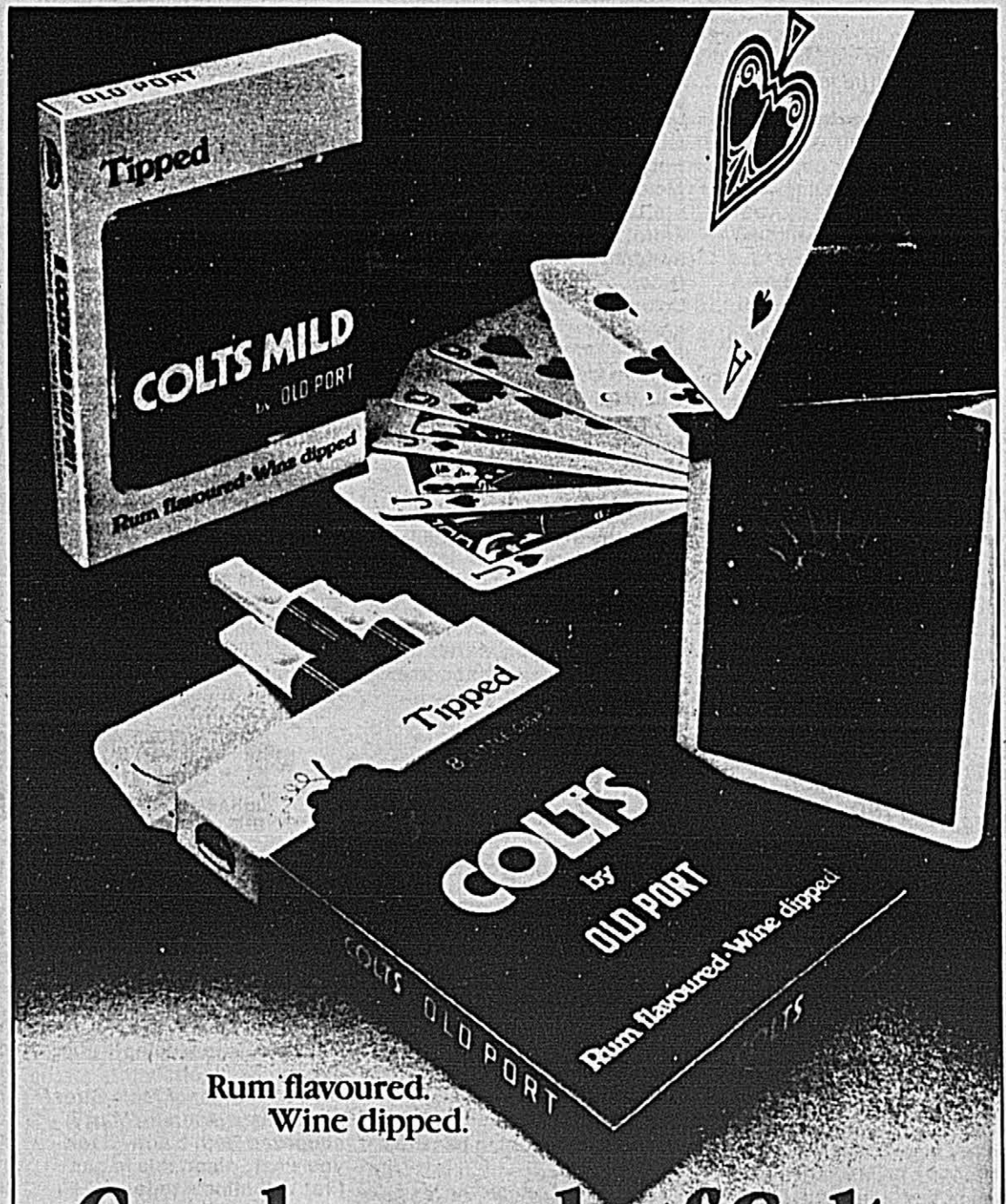


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"THE BEST OPTION LEFT"

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An Acadian Gigolo...

continued from page 7

Exampin:

"I find Buñuel's films to be much less didactic than Fellini's."

Yes, definitely. In an ontological sense."

"Of course."

No luck at the Film Society? Next stop is the residence party. These are usually not worth the effort so make haste if the party stinks. Either you feel out of place because you decided not to risk pneumonia by wearing a toga or you end up talking to someone from Hunza who has never seen snow before.

Then next option then is the frats, a.k.a. Jock City. Being a half-decent tennis player, I am not at that much of a disadvantage with guys with names like Beef Aroni and Spike Popolopchuk. However, it is foolhardy at these affairs to try to outdo these guys in the bicep department and become King of Muscle Beach East. The music can be a little more palatable than at residence, but rapping with cheerleaders can be a little less than

enlightening. If the situation appears a little bleak on the frat scene, it may be time to begin the descent, both literally and figuratively, to the Union. One shouldn't be too cruel here. Gertrude's can be a fairly rollicking watering hole, but it usually serves as a transfer point on the weekends. There is always some sort of dance in the Union Ballroom. By this time in the evening the Ballroom resembles a locker room. Physical fitness plays a big role here. Remember that inebriation has begun to set in. As well, New Wave music has taxed everybody's stamina. The qualities of a good football running back are needed here as some fancy footwork and hard-nosed determination must be used to break through the phalanx of thirty or forty guys that surround each girl. An air of desperation permeates the dance floor. By this time our Acadian hero is suffering from mental exhaustion. It's not easy playing all those roles. Oh well, another day, another dollar. Maybe I should have stayed for the second showing at the Film Society.

TNC:

Emily Shines

by Emily Cooper Cole

"A picture of me is just a picture of me," said Emily in 'A Portrait of Emily' at the Tuesday Night Cafe. But the portrait painted by the cast of eight was much more than a picture. The play, an original script written by McGill student Sherry Coman, is a vivid description of Emily's feelings towards her family, how she recognizes them and learns to come to terms with them.

Set in 1937, on Long Island, the story revolves around the lives of Emily's family, a somewhat peculiar group of artists. Mental illness, courtship and a series of

conflicts amidst an intricate web of family ties make Coman's play fast moving and enjoyable.

The set is clean and simple and against it the cast emerges colourfully. The director, Micheline Chevrler, has worked closely with playwright, Coman and thus her interpretation of 'A Portrait of Emily' is crisp and accurate.

Kathy Ballina shows Emily's progression from a depressed and insecure woman to a self-assured woman. Susan Spicer as Emily's sister, Julie, seems a bit awkward. This may be due to the brilliant performance of her brilliant

counterpart, Andrew Forrest, Forrest creates a vivid portrayal of Julie's fiancé, George Kirk. Catherine Disher's performance as Caroline Kirk is energetic, though her natural New England accent seems out of place. Laurie Lynd and Joseph Chart are adequate as Brian Martin and Mark Bowman, respectively. And Peter Manos and Janet Speigel provide a strong background as Mr. and Mrs. Church.

The play ends on an optimistic note even if the final scene is a bit empty and perhaps inconclusive. All in all an entertaining play for any audience.

An American Gigolo...

continued from page 7

touches of some pretty gruesome lighting. In the Gigolo publicity shot and the film, taken before Gere's great statement, Julian dominates the frame. His cheeks are taut and his complexion radiant in the afterglow of Olympic sex; Hutton is Ultima 275 - basted two hours over medium heat, left to stand and warmed over

for love. The Madison Avenue model is advertising the Revlon mud facial.

Schrader's most persistent motif is the parallel shadows created by sun peeking through venetian blinds. The lines are always on Julian and always unfathomable. Bertolucci's obsession with glowing orbs is tolerable, but what to make of venetian blinds?

The American Gigolo's

forays in Beverly Hills showed me a lot of places I might otherwise have not seen. There was the interior of a gay disco where all patrons wear Village People costumes; the length of Rodeo Drive; Lauren Hutton's nipples and the Giorgio Armani spring line 'til I regurgitated.

Somebody had to do it.

Valentine's Day 1976

continued from page 7

"Oh look at him in the trenchcoat! He looks like Humphrey Bogart. Don't you think?"

"Let's put it this way: the guy looks like comes off of another planet."

"Uh-uh, Marty Bowle is another planet."

Marty rolled his eyes.

After coffee and doughnuts, Marty stretched and said, "What time is it? We'd better be heading home for 'Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman', hadn't we? What happened yesterday anyway? I was dozing."

"Oh Mary's seeing Dennis now."

"Dennis? Who's he?"

"You know. He's the cop."

The guy with the head that looks like a pineapple."

"God, that's a sick show."

Beth just laughed at the thought of it.

● ● ●

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9:00 am - 5:00 pm

Fee \$30.00

For registration or further information call 481-2826

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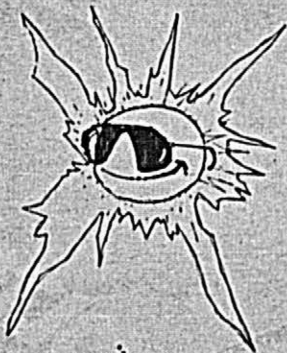
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9 p.m. - 2 a.m.
Sherbrooke St. Entrance

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Admission 75¢



CUPID CALLING

To Eliou. Surprise Helen!!! This is your Valentine "in print". Happy Valentine's Day. Love Joe A.

GERRY: It's funny VD stands for Valentine's Day, but not funny when I got it.

Pussycat, (or are you an OCTopus)? Love you muchly so please by my Valentine. Your Puppy.

To M.F. (former P.D.) I wish we could be real Valentine's. K.C.

To my wife Eva: Happy Valentine's Day. Erol.

Roses are red, Violets are blue, come back Jim-Baby, I really miss you. T.G.

E.S.: Love that chocolate syrup. Nyuk Nyuk. Happy Valentine's Day!

To: Twit, Shit, Tit, Toots, Tweety, Twig and the gang. I love ya!—Turd.

Toots and Wooly, love you lots & lots! Snooky and the Elephants.

Applecheeks: As a rippling stream flows through a valley, we shall go through life. Sweetie.

Dear C, Love you. Miss you. Love V.

Susan Lindell: Do you accept this long distance message of love? Rex says a big Hi. Love G.S.H.

Avec tout mon amour pour la St-Valentin, A Jean-François.

Liebchen: And throughout all eternity; I forgive you, you forgive me. Bramble Pie.

To Half-a-bee Holstein: Bee ours. The 3 Frumps.

Michel-Bob: I want to love you. Omar.

Dr. Wally Gynecologist: Internally yours, the 3 Frumps.

C.C.L.T. I hope this is only the beginning. Please be mine! E.M.L.O.

A mon chou avec son bérêt. Je t'adore! Your HP fan.

Butch. Sure I read the Daily. Love ya loads too! Benl.

To Donald: For an eternity of Valentines together you big bazooka! All my love, Soraya.

Y...Happy Anniversary. Love you still. Z...

To my dearest David Lee. The last three weekends were terrific. "Suzy H."

Buddy, HVD to the only Buddy this Buddy will ever want. Much love, Buddy.

Dave P. & Guy R., I love you for your minds (and bodies). Love and kisses. Fred.

To R.J.C.S. the Bestest. Brork, Brork you Bunny Lips!!!

Dearest Bramblepie: 3 special years lovingly cherished. Your Bumpkin-Bunny.

Dearest Fascist of my Heart: Kiss my Kazoo and I'll blow your horn... Sex Goddess.

Punkin, my love runneth over for thee and will ne'er run out! Love me. Perc.

Leaky-muchly, muchly, muchly, Llip.

Miss Loochkins—You've made the year. Be mine for ever. Your downstairs Lover.

Violets are red, Roses are blue, Sweet Baby Jane, This heart's for you. Love, Morris.

Je dis que je t'aime. Réponds-moi que tu m'aimes. Alors à nous deux ce St-Valentin. De Titine & Cocorine.

Terry, I love you in a place where there's no space and time. I love you for my life, you are a friend of mine. Broome.

Calling Wheaton 665-6331. "Luv ya, luv"—329

I dream of your image, Sharon, that blossoms a rose in the depths of my heart... Winston.

477: You made this year what it could never have been. All my love, Pegs.

Banana, How about a chocolate sunday on Valentine's Day? Best Friend's Girl.

Hey Munchkin—Thanks for the memory; my Valentine is "partly yours".

Esther Konigsberg. You make my dreams come true, my heart goes out to you.

AA's: To the best masters two slaves could ever have! Love Mem & Kathy.

STUART—I love you! It's that simple... So have a happy Valentine's Day, Valentine! Love, Nana.

Birdie, thinking of you brings love, warmth and comfort to my heart. Happy Valentine's Day. Yours truly, Powder Bear.

O Radiant Beings, if dead to us our heart's desires, why should we wish to live? Darwinian Men.

Pauline, Happy Valentine. Love Always. Conrad.

Be our Valentine. We all love you, Mitch. Carole, Denise, Photini and Suzanne.

To Mitch, Dom and Pat: Let's do it again sometime! Suzanne, Natalie and Carole.

Teddy Bear, I love you. Your Valentine as always, Eli-Phant.

Vince, l'amour, l'amour, toujours l'amour, Mi alma, mi vida, amado mio. Love and thanks, Kathy.

Dear Big D., Happy Valentine's Day and a wonderful birthday too. Much love from the girl who's great in B.Ed.

Jennifer: Surprise!!! Your silly Willy sends you a very special St. Valentine's. Hope this day brings you all the joy and happiness. Love, N.K.

Eli, now, somehow, Holycow—Love you more than ever before. Forever, Your Woolley Bear.

To Lol's Mother, Happy Valentine's Day. With love, Apt. 14 and family.

Dear Mike, Happy Valentine's Day to my little Swiss Orange CHIP!!! Love + a hug, Karen.

Dear Jan, happy Valentine's Day, Mom. With love, your daughter.

T.A.C.: Happy Valentine's Day to my favorite Rock Star, Luv, Doc.

"It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye." (Saint-Exupéry) Richard, we have discovered each other... affirmed life! We have shared any wonderful moments. Thank you. Te amo, Angela.

A Mundo, Crotte de mon oleul. Joyeuse 21ème St-Valentin. Tout mon amour, Bob.

To the Ball Dancer from Ottawa—Loved the candlelight & champagne breakfasts. When's the next one?

Have a shitty day G.R., you fuckin' asshole!!! Happy Birthday you scumbag.

To three super gals! Fran., Linda, Mel, hope Valentine's is special for you. Luv, Bill.

Shifty: Can I pose for you with my Valentine heart-on?

GUNTER BABY: Mein Liebchen, Mein Lowchen, du fehlst mir unheimlich viel. Ich traume an den Tag wo wir wieder zusammen sind. Deine Auge, deine Hande, dein ganz' Körper möchte ich bei mir, vor mir, neben mir haben. Mein Gedanken sind heute nur bei Dir. Deine Suzanne.

Dear Maureen A.: Since we're getting none this year (to our present knowledge) I'm wishing you a very happy Valentine's Day. S.M.

Moooo, the animals.

Laura—Wanna Monkey around? I'm bananas over you! SKIP.

LWP, be mine, OK? F.M.

Sparkles O'Finnigan—Puis-je te visiter dans ta maison solaire sous l'arc-en-ciel?

To David "Hot Lips" Lee: please pick-up your one inch condom-inium. Love, B.C.

To David "Pussy" Lee: I adore that single piece of hair on your chest. Love Chesty.

My Sweet Babboo: If you wait long enough for something, it's bound to happen. Happy Valentine's Day from I. Newt.

RLVYACIE: Gee, golly, wiz, dog-gone-it, please be my Valentine 'cause iluvubabe.

J-B-B, happy Valentine's Day, Buck! Love, Buckolator.

To Gundy Shitz and Margo: won't you both be mine. Love, a natural.

Brian and Dave and Gary: thanks for all those Saturday nights—Happy Valentine. Love, Lee...Ah!

To the West-Coast Music-Maker: Teo torriatte konomama iko. Aisuru hito yo. Shizukana yoi ni. Hikario tomoshi. itoshiki oshleo idaki. B.D.

Happy Valentine's Captain Marvellous, Love Lady C.

Happy Valentine's Day Nancy. I love you Babe, Love, Danny!

Thanks for the memory I will always cherish—Happy Valentine's Day. From Ross C. to Marina G.

To my favorite oriental, from you favorite occidental. Happy Valentine's Day. Love, Brian W.

Chocolate Eyes: Be my Valentine. Love, Mushy.

Lambda Chi's are number one with us. Allison, Cinnie, Ellen, Louise, Lyn, Patty and Mary Margaret.

Mr. Spock: Extensive Intergalactic research proves you are the Sexiest Physicist. Love, Slow Cat.

To the Wizard of Oz. You gave a little lion some courage. Thanks.

J.J.R. Glasgow / Roses are red / Violets may wilt. / I love you / Wearing a kill! Love, Marlanapolis.

To the most refined and respected members of the Female Species: Love and Mush, B.C.

To Fo and Michael: We Love you! Thanks for last night! You guys were terrific! Love and kisses, and hope you come again. The gals from U1 Social Work. (All 53 of us.)

To Rose F...ly / Carnations are black / Your nose is red / But sex appeal you do not lack / So why not go to bed / 'Cause I've got the knack. Naomi.

Beer and Gertrude's Pizza make some folk feel fine, Tequila numbs the fingers and deadens the spine. But I've abandoned the life of drink, 'cause you're much better for me I think. So B.J. please be my Valentine! T.D. No. 2.

To the Yankees Renée and Susan: Happy Valentine's Day from a Canuck! Luv, Bill.

Earle T.: How can I get on YOUR program Valentine's Day?

To G.L.: From driving off cliffs to speaking English in plural. Happy Valentine's Day to a beautiful "Poupée". Love tendrement, L.B.

Valentine, once cold moon: Your inwardness leaves me resistless. What happy replacement Agape and filial suns.

Mark: A boyfriend's a boyfriend. But how could one be? Better than you, doubtfully! With love, Happy Valentine's Day. Love always LAPIN.

Amy. Cat - perfect friend. Happy V-Day, roomie.

Silly old Bear - How can I tell you? Love yours.

Julie - For the girl with the Irish lilt in her eyes - Happy V-Day, Roomie.

Peteheart: From Grande Motte you took me higher. Wherever, whenever, je t'adore. Hugs, kisses! Idiotface.

Leona: Am so glad to see you. Wish you'd been here V-Day. My love - Luranah.

Some men give such a thrill We never get your fill We know these guys They're Sigma Chis We love them-always will.

SISTERS

Daniel, you make our diodes flash and relays click (overload code GOO-99). All the bandits.

Debs—Something's got you smiling again. Glad to see it. Happy Valentine's Day. Love, Julie and Luranah.

Bruno: Glad to see you're back from T.O. Missed you. Have a good day. Girl from "Boston".

Dear Ms. Angel Cookie: Here come some St. Valentine feelings right at you. Please knock me dead tonight cuz I love you. Capt. Studley H. Sweetums.

Dearest Diode: Your BandPass eyes. Your oscillating hips a-heck! Come short with me. My circuits are exploding with delight. Loving Goo-Transistor.

Buckleator: Lemo at the Acres leads to rubber rafts at the lac. Eye. Well-W. Bee. Always, J.B.-B.

Lori, Life is like a physiology lab. Morris failed his ECG. Never dare me again. R.

Sunshine: You are the best there is. Je t'aime. Ever loving, your demented mentor, McSaurus.

Marie, thanks for the times you've given me. You're truly three times a lady. Forever yours, M.R.M.

I'm just a young lad from B.C. true love I though I'd never see. I've met you at mcgill. to me you're a thrill. Babs you're the only one for me. T.D.no.1.

Jon S: Why don't you bring your gourmet skills to my place sometime & we'll see what we can cook up. You can whip my cream anytime. Love from your secret admirer Valentine.

To a couple of sweethearts at UNB, Mich, Sim hope Valentine's was nice! Luv, Bill.

To McConnell Hall's seventh floor: Home of the boys, that all men adore.

To the females of McConnell's fourth floor: we love you all. For all your worth.

Futse: Happy Valentine O Love of Mine! The spring awakes. From love's design. Love, Boon.

Ooooh Laird, happy Valentine's Day! Me.

H.R. Roses are red Violets are blue In one short month Our contract will renew Love, M.S.

Happy Valentine's Day to all you Super Frat Men. Love, the Kappas.

To my Darling "WIIWWUPUTTEL"; L.Y. Flenny.

Amy. Amy. Amy: Happy Valentine's Day. I still love you even if you are an engineer and can't articulate, verbalize or spell worth a damn. Love always, Bryan.

To Bruisey: through all of life's ups and downs will you be my Valentine? Love and talking, Big Teddy Bear.

To my Valentine with love: three things remain: faith, hope and love, but the greatest of these is love.

To my Bunny: Hearts and Kisses. Forever. Love, Your Porgie.

Jean T.L.: Peux-tu m'aider? Je cherchais un Valentin. J'ai pris la liberté de dire que tu étais le mien!! Ta'mour.

You're my "Little Kissy Cakes". F.F. to S.P.P.B.

To my Yiddo—Shit—Love—Her Dave—Go for it!

E.J.: What more could go wrong? I Love you! Maria.

Boris, love you madly. Natasha.

Happy Birthday Yona. Love, kisses, and hugs. Mind and Meir.

Cris, DOCTORS FEL IX Bost to FACE MEDICAL advice of PAKing in a wonderful xen A day!

Angelica, to wish you a very happy and hearty Significant Valentine's Day. Forever yours, lost Walif.

To my Sweetheart Janet: I Love you with all my heart. Bruce.

A.K. Yours till the Atlantic wears Pampers to keep its bottom dry. Valentine Luv, Rukk.

Nat: I don't like Mondays?!? R.C.

GARDNER HALL 5TH FLOOR: much love on Valentine's Day. Love, Jong-on.

Dear Norman (P.B.): I almost bought you a case of soda pop but I lost my nerve! Happy St. Valentine's Day! Love, F. & F.T.

To Bob, the cutest little coco owl, the sweetest guitarist, the handsomest most gorgeous hornplayer, happy Valentine's Day. I didn't forget this year... I love you, your mundo bear xxx.

Miche...We love you! The cast and crew of "Portrait of Emily".

Josée, thoughts of some good times ahead for us. Happy Valentine's Day. With love, Peter.

Mr. Muffins (Bugsy), Ungow, Sweetie! Mrs. Muffins (Gumby).

To Mark Spraggett: I wish, "just once", you would take your eyes off the blackboard, and notice me. Happy Valentine's Day. Signed "the Brunette at the back of the class".

Ohillip: you're everything I could ask for... and that's a lot. I love you muchly. Happy Valentine's Day. Love always, Susan.

Ana CRISTIAN, "STILL", I'm going to miss you. Love, Baby Face.

To Scoot, Skit & you-know-who: Happy Valentine's Day, my Heliochubs! Love, Toot.

To Bart, Karen, Mike and Vicky: Happy V-Day, my clever muffins! I like you a lot!! Love, Jen.

Happy Valentine's Day: Susan, Maggie, love, N.A. and Bunny.

Dear Mrs. Koala. I will love you all our lives. Nut-Nose.

Remember Esther!!!, we all elll you (me and Loulou). Be Happy. Love, Albetlini.

Miss Woonsocket—Thanks for putting up with both of us, we love you. Happy Valentine's Day. Susan & Phil.

Hey Babe! What happens if I live alone next year? L & K Killer.

To "D.B.", Y.A.T.E.O.M.B., T.L.O.M.D., M.R.F.E.A.A.D.G.T., W.G.L.I. T.A.A. Know what I mean? Love, "Squat".

"Dan", love you even though you're an ignorant slut. Remeber the Suez Connection? Cleo Killer.

Killer, what will I do without my Mom next year? Stick around, okay? Love, Y.P.I.C. (&C).

Stork of the Nile: Are you my mommie? Hoping at ZZ.

To the boys of 3656, U R the essence of my being, and T.L.O.M.D. Do you miss him? Your drop-in maid.

P.W.—How many does this one make? Love, C.

Dearest Chas, have a wonderful St. Valentine's Day (it'll make sure). I love you. Z and D.

My dear st-goose, poopsie, bebito, I love you soooooo much. twely pie.

Robert Dubicki: Thanks for your coaching. We may not score, but at least we got to play. The I.R. B.B. Team.

Dearest Pumpkin—Please come back to me—Even grapefruit (warms up) can't compete with you. Love, Henry.

Dear Patricia: Love, hugs, kisses, and all that stuff. Love, Willibee.

To Elleen with the perfect features: Please excuse me, but I can no longer refrain from bursting into print with confession of my admiration. Ardent Admirer.

Richard: To a wonderful fiancé. I love you. Happy Valentine's Day! Suzanne. XOXO

To a very special, sexy lady: Debbie, 316, would you be my Valentine? Steve 224.

I know it's not original but I tried. Yes. I still love you. Dave.

SIGI: You're the best chess player I know, among other things. Love, David.

WOWWIS, I love you. Weasy.

Happy Valentine's Day to: Robby, Gaz and Chimelle. Hugs and kisses from you know who.

Happy Valentine's Day B.E. Love anytime.

Manaki moy, remember always the wonderful days we spent together. I love you always. Nasakisoy.

Gamma Phi's: you're the greatest sisters in the world. I love you all. Me.

To the brothers of Sigma Chi, you guys are the real sweethearts!

To Frank, you may be everyone else's teddy bear, but I'll always be yours. Munchkin.

Calvin Fong, our sweetheart on Valentine's Day, charm, car, good-lucks, what else? With love, E.T.P.I.R. & D.

Je t'aime ma grande fille de 19 ans. De ton gros bébé de 27 ans.

Marie C.L.: we love you. Pete, Otis et Belle-Jambe.

Wishing the nicest guys on campus a happy Valentine's Day: the Brothers of Delta Upsilon. Your Little Sister Maria.

MKR: Sometimes a fleck of rice, but love and friendship too. M.

Love, I'd pick up your pillers anytime! Happy Valentines, T.

To my sweetheart, who I love very much. Be my Valentine! Love, booble.

D'Artagnan, you've been a great member of the group. Happy Valentine's Day. The three Musketeers.

With love to my favorite Valentine on his birthday. Louise.

To the TP: Happy Valentine's Day. Love, the Sisters of Kappa Alpha Theta.

Pader Wader Sweet Palater: we're still havin' fun and you're still the one! Love, Bul.

Laura, I like you and you like me. What are we going to do about it? Happy Valentine's Day.

Brothers of Sigma Chi: thanks for showing us true love. Be our valentines forever. US.

Dear Mr. P.J., Beeps from Kim and Love from Wench.

To the girl who stole my pen & my heart: thanks for being yourself & making life a joy. Happy Valentine's Day. Love D. Spock.

Col, we're quite a pair! Thinking of you today and everyday. Love and mush me.

M.J.B. How about some "Après-Ski" at the 'cave' tonight? Luv YIL.

Happy Valentine's Day Claudia, from your ever loving Beasty.

M.S.C. My suppressed desire has come true. I love you.

C.B. You are the one for me. I don't guess. I know. Love will grow. Bernie.

POPPI: Love on Valentine's Day. Forget "Down she goes"; new games are anticipated. Petite Jambon.

Law Library Leslie: Look low lest little "lock" lavaliers lost, lucky! Love, Applejack.

Stanley Street Sweetheart - synonym: sand, sunglasses, sugar, shortbread, St. Raphael, symphony, saturday, smooches, S.H.S.

To our soldiers and courtiers—we'll yield at once 'twere better so than risk a strife—from your devoted ladies of Adamont.

Father loves his Mother! Yammer Yammer.

For the Niruedru of my heart, Happy Valentine. Yours, Filu.

Dear Laurie, just wanted to wish you a happy Valentine's Day. Love, Jeff.

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